PSST!

WHO'S THERE?

why, it's. . . .

witzend

Almost everyone has a hairy head. Not too much and not too little is preferred by most of us, and we have taken our hairy heads for granted for centuries.

Baldness is a condition favored by almost no one, whereas an abundance of hair suggests that the person is hairier than he should be. Or so some people think.

Hair on the chest is usually found on more men than women, but recently a spearhead faction of women's liberationists has demanded that either men must shave their chests or else science must come up with a formula to produce equal tufts for them.

Hair under the armpits, fortunately, is found under the armpits of both sexes, and millions are spent scenting it and shaving it. So popular has the squirting of armpits become, in fact, that new products aimed at pubic hair have recently opened up whole new fields to cultivate.

Hair on the chin is a subject all to itself, filling volumes of history, sociology, and tonsorial guidebooks, while hair in the ears is merely a nuisance.

Hair on dogs and other dumb animals covers vast portions of their bodies, and they hardly seem to notice at all. Wherever it grows, it grows, and that seems to be the extent of it.

Hair on the eyebrows grows over the eye, something in the manner of a brow, which seems to satisfy a goodly share of the population. Other people, mostly middle-aged women, shave off their natural-born eyebrows and paint phoney eyebrows on some other area on the front of their heads. Why they do this is a mystery because they inevitably appear to be freaks. But then again, they're women, and we must make concessions for their eccentricities.

Hair on the buttocks is not terribly rare, but it certainly is disgusting, and I prefer not to think about it.

Hair on the lip is called a mustache, and was a popular accessory for many charming gentlemen, including Adolph Menjou. Adolph Menjou, now there was an actor for you. Debonair, witty, and a hell of a good dresser. He was just a weasly-looking little guy, but he sure was suave.

In fact, hair can be found on virtually every part of the body, to some degree or another, from sparse little strands to bushy big clumps, and aren't we glad. I am, anyway.

editor/bill pearson publisher/phil seuling

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The World of the Wizard King

by wallace wood

Resume:

Many weeks have passed since Odkin escaped into the deep fen, with Elva, the reenlivened Queen, and the Magic Sword, both of which had belonged to Aristos, once King of the World.

Chapter Three "King of the World"

They were perilous times. Nature had turned on the tiny civilization of Peepl. Storms of fury and persistence, unequaled in their memory, battered their frail homes, and destroyed their gardens, until even the slothful and indolent elders of the tribe were alarmed for their future survival.

For the first day in weeks, the clouds had parted, and a friendly sun gave them an hour of respite from the paralyzing terrors of the long night.

"It's no good," decided Andif, the prudent, whose opinion was valued on the subject of survival, "the Gods have declared war on our valley, for what reason I do not know, and we must leave."

"But we have always lived in the valley," objected Snile, the senile, in the smug manner of his station and age.

Andif addressed him patiently: "Your remark, even allowing that it is fact, though it could conceivably be challenged by any competent theorist, has no bearing on the present circumstances, and would in any case be a valueless observation."

Which is a brief example why most of the childlike Peepl respected the words of Andif, and threw vegetables at Snile.

But even as the elders argued, the most sensitive villagers sensed the foreboding of the still wind, and their children cried pathetically in the safety of their cribs.

In the midst of his speech, the impassioned Andif fell silent, mouth open, as a massive shadow draped across the town square.

In hushed awe, the assembled Peepl turned in the direction of his glazed stare....

Magnificent in his hauteur! Bold as the god of War, his spirit! It was Zor, King of the World, minion of Horrob, demon of demons, God of the Universe!

"Who dares walk all over our village?" called out Cub, the caustic, who was outraged by the intrusion, and indifferent to the fact that the trespasser was 20 times his size.

"I am Zor, King of the World, master of Horrob, demon of demons, God of the Universe!"

"Eat prunes!" cried the Cub, hurling a rock at the imperious Zor, nicking his Lordship's regal knee.

"I'm here for Odkin!" bellowed the King.

"Who's Odkin?" the Peepl mused aloud, perplexed; not only not having missed the wretch in his month long exit, but in fact hardly even remembering him at all.

"He's here! I know it! The Fenmen were harboring him, but the forest has eyes which report straight to me. Bring him out or the vengeance of Horrob will descend upon you!"

The impression of his threat was effectively delivered by the fact that, at his words, scores of armed men appeared from behind the surrounding trees...each more vulgar and sullen than the one behind, and the one behind him, even more so.

There was a rustle, and the Giant's gaze swept soberly over the village. As he had anticipated, a hundred arrows were aimed at his heart. His smile broadened, but drops of perspiration had appeared on his forehead. "In case you have any idea of foolishly resisting," he remarked, "my men have orders to kill anyone who moves!"

Naturally, someone moved.

It was impossible to see what had happened, but suddenly one of the Peepl was falling, transfixed by a huge arrow. And then arrows were flashing through the air, thick as rain, in all directions. The crowd melted, leaving small bodies scattered across the square like dolls dropped by a careless child, a few twitching spastically, but most forever still. Shutters slammed, arrows thudding into them.

The Giant had, of course, been the target for most of the Peepl's first volley, and yet he stood, laughing, as the tiny arrows glancing off his mail glistened like spray. "His armor is magic," shouted Andif, racing for cover. "Aim for his head!" But it was too late. The massive figure had turned casually and left the battle to his mindless warriors; his own bulk disappearing in the morning mist which enveloped the forest surrounding their village.

The tide was hardly turning, but at least, once the initial shock had worn off, the Elves began returning some aggression in earnest.

An abortive sortie by the brutes was met by a sheet of arrows, elfin slim but sure, and true enough to break the impetus of the attack. Retreating, the enemy left a carpet of dead and wounded on the muddy turf.

Gnomes, Nugwunders, Dwarves, Doobos, a motley assortment of all the races on the planet, soon regrouped for a council of war. It was shortlived: with a whistling scream, grenades of elf-fire burst among them.

In the town, thatched roofs had opened, revealing deadly revolving catapults. These swung around on huge wooden wheels, aimed and let fly the missiles which burst into flame on contact. Lacking discipline under the best of circumstances, the concentration of the Giants was broken, and the Elves siezed the initiative.

It is approximately during this moment of confusion and carnage that a small but recently matured adventurer reenters the saga of his Peepl. He had traveled many days through the rain and the floods, from the hidden land of the Fenmen. During the past hour, though weary, he had quickened his pace considerably; for the roar of the encounter had carried in the silence of the storm's solemn abatement. At his side blazed his sword, never dulled by the elements. Have you guessed? It was Odkin, the Sly.

Odkin! On two scarred but sturdy legs — his jaw set in manly resolution — the elf-child had faced reality and death with courage. There would be time, perhaps, in a waning year, to recall his adventures in the land of the Fenmen, where he was brought back from the very brink of death, and nursed to his former health...But his mind now existed only in the present, and the future, whatever came to pass, would surely hold scant time for reminiscing for quite some time to come.

Nearing the battle, he quieted his approach, skulking neatly in the tendrils of the mist. It was obvious the village was under attack, but by whom?

From a reasonably tall hillock, he studied the situation through the thick branches. There was nothing except general bedlam ahead; but below, on a lower layer of the knoll, kneeled a hardly indistinguishable shape...the Giant, Zor!

His back to the elf, the King was heedless of his personal peril, but as he stood in a sinister crouch muttering course incantations, his hands weaving invisible tapestries of strange secret symbols, Odkin realized at once that he had come upon a magician.

No one can say what the lad would have done had he realized the Giant was Zor, the King. Dread indeed, and deeply rooted were the fears of all his subjects.

What was readily apparent and repugnant to him was that this wizard was at least partly responsible for the calamity in his village.

He might have let it go, and sat the whole thing out, had he been in better temper; but having looked forward to a hot bath and a quiet night relaxing with his friends, this anti-climactic homecoming set his blood to a steaming boil.

With the least hesitation, he braced his sword. Propelling himself as a rigid lance, Odkin sliced surely through the neck, deep into the armored trunk of Zor, the King. And the King, bless him, took the blow badly.

In the village, many paused in midst of battle. Ears strained for the tangible sign of that which could only be sensed in another way. It was as if a pervasive hum had ceased; yet there had been no hum but the will of Zor, unheard except in the spirit web which laces the souls of men and elves.

Instantly, the remaining interlopers were put to flight.

Parties of scouts were deployed into the surrounding hills to harass the retreating enemy. Others tended to the wounded Peepl, while still others went about dispatching the enemy wounded. Children scurried about, reclaiming arrows, as women tore up their garments for bandages. In the town square, the elders resumed their discussions.

"They will be back and we will be trapped in the village. Now that the Powers realize our tenacity, we will know no rest until they have subjugated or killed us all."

Andif paused, then proceeded sadly, "The only answer is to evacuate the city." There was no weeping, and to the Peepl's credit, not one suggested surrender.

At that moment, a tiny insect, so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye, entered the forest and flew straight into Odkin's ear. "Zor will not stay dead..." said a tiny voice, "Unless the curse of the King is lifted from him. You must cut off his head, and bury it separately from the rest of his body."

"Who said that? Who's there?" cried Odkin, glancing about.

"I am Iam!" said Iam, "And it is useless to try to see me, for I am invisible!" He had decided it prudent not to elaborate on the true facts of his existence. "Now listen well, for I shall tell you what you must do."

And so it was that the next day found Odkin leading his people to safety, and none too soon, for when they looked back, a glow on the horizon showed evidence of the destruction of their village. Presently, Odkin halted them and said, "I must leave you now, but if all goes well, we shall meet again a fortnight hence in the land of the FenMen."

At midnight, in the throne room of the House of Horrob, "My Lord..." he addressed the disembodied head of the King, "I have come to restore you!" But he was answered only by a vacant stare and a mirthless giggle. "The King is mad!" gasped Odkin, "What am I to do now?"

"This changes my plan slightly," said the voice of Iam, "Take the head and let us begone, for we may be discovered at any minute!" No sooner had he spoken than pounding footsteps heralded the approach of Horrob's monstrous guards. Heading for the stairway by which he had entered, Odkin found himself face to face with a dwarf-ogre brandishing a chain mace. One slash of Ironsteel clove him in twain from crown to groin, but not before his bellow of surprise had alerted the entire garrison.

"Quick!" hissed Iam, "To the roof! It's your only chance!" Moments later, on a lonely parapet, Odkin stared about him blankly. "What now?" he said. "There ...there it is! I knew Horrob would have a sky-boat here!"

"A boat?! What good is a boat?!"

"Just get in, you fool, and start rowing!"

Seconds later, they were airborne, the ghastly towers of Horrob and his minions receding behind them. "Where are we going?" asked Odkin, trying to ward off waves of dizziness.

"To the Fens!"

After many hours of rowing, Odkin ventured a small comment. "We shall be at the fens soon, now...I need a rest..."

"Oh really? Take a closer look behind you!"

What at first appeared to be an ominous black stain across the horizon slowly resolved itself into individual shapes. Running, crawling, leaping, slithering, riding, flapping, oozing they came, the Hordes of Horrob, howling for his blood, while above, a huge thundercloud separated into thousands of tiny flapping dots.

"What..." began Odkin.

"They're catching up with us! You must lose altitude!" Iam cried urgently.

And then the storm broke. A storm of ripping talons and slashing teeth! Suddenly, their right wing was gone. With a sickening lurch, the sky-boat plunged down, straignt into the fen with a terrific crash!

Regaining his senses, Odkin found himself miraculously unharmed, standing on a small atoll in the center of a huge bog.

"The land of the FenMen!" he thought to himself, "I wonder what happened to the Peep! I don't see any trace of them... Could they all have been killed?"

However, there was scant time for such ruminations. He quickly resolved to put as much distance between himself and the ruined sky-boat as possible, but soon found himself with nowhere to go. On every side, rustling sounds, and soon scores of glittering eyes, were closing in.

"What shall I do now?" he whispered despairingly.

"Walk into the quicksand."

"Thanks a lot!"

"No...I mean it! Trust me!" said the tiny voice.

"Well, better a quick death than to be torn to pieces by those beasts!" thought Odkin to himself.

"Just hold your breath." said the voice.

Trembling, he walked forth and sank into the slimy ooze, and it closed over his head. Just before he lost consciousness, however, he was overwhelmed by a strange sensation of power.

Soft arms were holding him. He became aware that his head was nestled gently between a woman's small, round breasts.

"Do you know where you are?"

"I've died and gone to heaven," said Odkin promptly, not opening his eyes.

"Oh Odkin, I thought I'd never see you again!" said a voice that made his heart stop.

His eyes opened, and the lovely face of Queen Elva swam slowly into focus. "I am in truth dead," he gasped, but she smiled and said, "Nay, Odkin, you are alive and so am I. The quicksand bogs are the FenMen's quick escape route from the surface..."

He looked beyond her and saw a cluster of FenMen and Peepl in the cave. "Yes... the Peepl are all here, safe and sound. The FenMen guided them down by a less dramatic route than yours," she answered his unspoken question.

Then Iam spoke again. "Odkin, it is time...Take your sword and come with me."

"Time for what? Come where? Why has your voice suddenly gotten louder?" Odkin began, but the voice cut in...

"Because you believe! No time for explanations now...Repeat the phrases I shall give you and touch the head of Aristos with your sword." And so saying, he muttered an incantation that made Odkin's blood run cold, but he did as he was told.

As Odkin repeated the strange sounding words, the magic blade glowed with a brilliance that hurt the eyes, and the head withered and wrinkled, became a grinning skull that crumbled into a small pile of whitish dust, all in the space of a single heartbeat.

Odkin looked up to see that the Fen-Men and the Peepl had fallen to their knees, in attitudes of supplication. Following some nameless instinct, he cried, "Nay...not to me...to Iam!"

"To Iam!" they chorused, "Accept us, Iam, for we are yours!"

"We are yours..." the echoes resounded, and then Iam's voice sounded, loud as thunder and no longer in Odkin's ear...

"IAM LIVES! GO FORTH AND SPREAD THE NEWS! LET EACH GOOD HEART REJOICE AND THE EVIL DREAD, FOR THE HOUR OF RECKONING IS AT HAND!"

Later, in a snug private cave, Elva and Odkin lay wrapped in each other's arms, and mused on the day's events.

"Iam grew stronger through your faith, and through that strength he was able to win the belief of the others. Now they will be proselytizing and there will be no stopping him!"

"But why...and how...did he destroy the King?" Odkin wondered.

"As to why, I would guess that he tried to communicate, but it was hopeless, for the centuries of dwelling, conscious and aware, within his own mind had destroyed it. And so he let poor Aristos go to his rest. Iam gave him immortality and all his magic, and it was his to take away."

Odkin looked at her strangely. "But... you loved him."

"I loved him," she admitted. "Now I love you, my lord."

Odkin looked at her, and then at the sword. He thought of the Peepl, the Fen-Men, and suddenly the realization struck him.....

"By the Gods!" he exclaimed "I am the King of the World!"

The End

This somewhat abbreviated account of the life and times of Odkin the Sly will serve as an outline for an expanded version to appear in another form and another place. Watch for it.

wallace wood

CLICK!
KA-TICK!

WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRR
ROWR!

BA-LINK!

KA-BONK!

ROWG!

HUH? UH?

BONK!

KA-RUNCH!

BHOB STEWART

BARF

THE INSURANCE SALESMAN

HERE I AM, WINSTON WAVERLY BARF, HOMEOWNER AND REGISTERED REPUBLICAN, STANDING IN LINE WITH THESE ORDINARY PEOPLE

OH! OH, MY! SUCH A BOX! WHO'S SENDING ME BOXES?!!

HEY! YOU'RE STANDING ON MY TREE!

HELLO

FELLER DROWNED THE WHOLE CITY OF DE-TROIT JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT

TSK TSK- WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

WINDOW 1

WINDOW 2

WIN 3

WINDOW 4

REESE

SCRIPT BY BILL PEARSON

ART BY RALPH REESE

OY! IT'S HEAVY! I CAN'T CARRY THIS BOX! MY HUSBAND IS IN THE HOSPITAL!

I'M LATE FOR MORNING COFFEE BREAK...

DO YOU HEAR ME?! I'M TALKING TO YOU! YOU'VE GOT YOUR SHOE ON MY TREE!

?

"...THOUSANDS OF BODIES WASHED UP ON THE BANKS OF THE FAMOUS WEST DETROIT FISH HATCHERY

2000 YEARS OF CHRISTIAN TEACHING... FOR WHAT?

FLORIDA? I DON'T KNOW NOBODY IN FLORIDA

WHAT'S IN IT?

I'LL WEAR MY BLASÉ FACE AND TAP MY FEET IMPATIENTLY

OPEN IT UP AND SEE, FER CHRISSAKES! MY TREE'S GETTING TROMPLED ON BACK HERE!

!!

IT'S A TRAGEDY, ISN'T IT?... SOME GUY NAMED QWAMB WENT BERSERK AND DROWNED THE WHOLE CITY OF DETROIT!

WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN

FRUITS! I DIN'T ORDER NO FRUITS! WHO'S SENDING ME FRUITS FROM FLORIDA?!

DETROIT?!

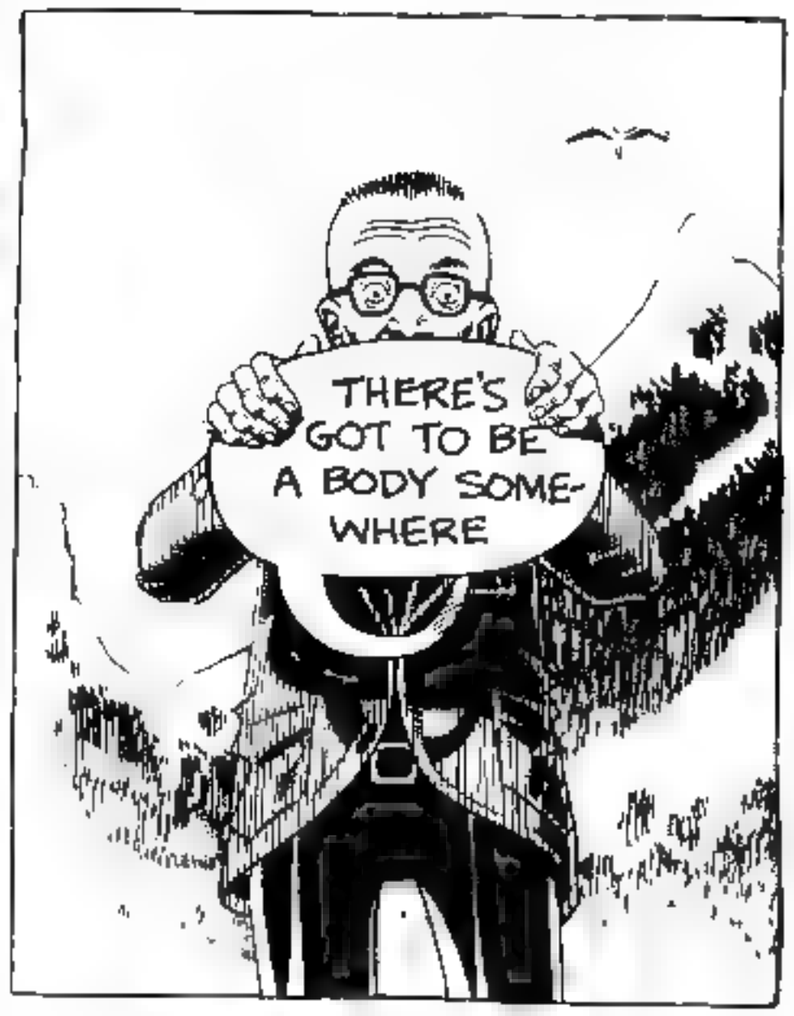
DID YOU SAY DETROIT?!! MY AUNT THELMA LIVES IN DETROIT!!

MY TREE! HE'S MASHING MY TREE!!

WHAT KIND OF BASTARD WOULD MURDER MY AUNT THELMA?!!

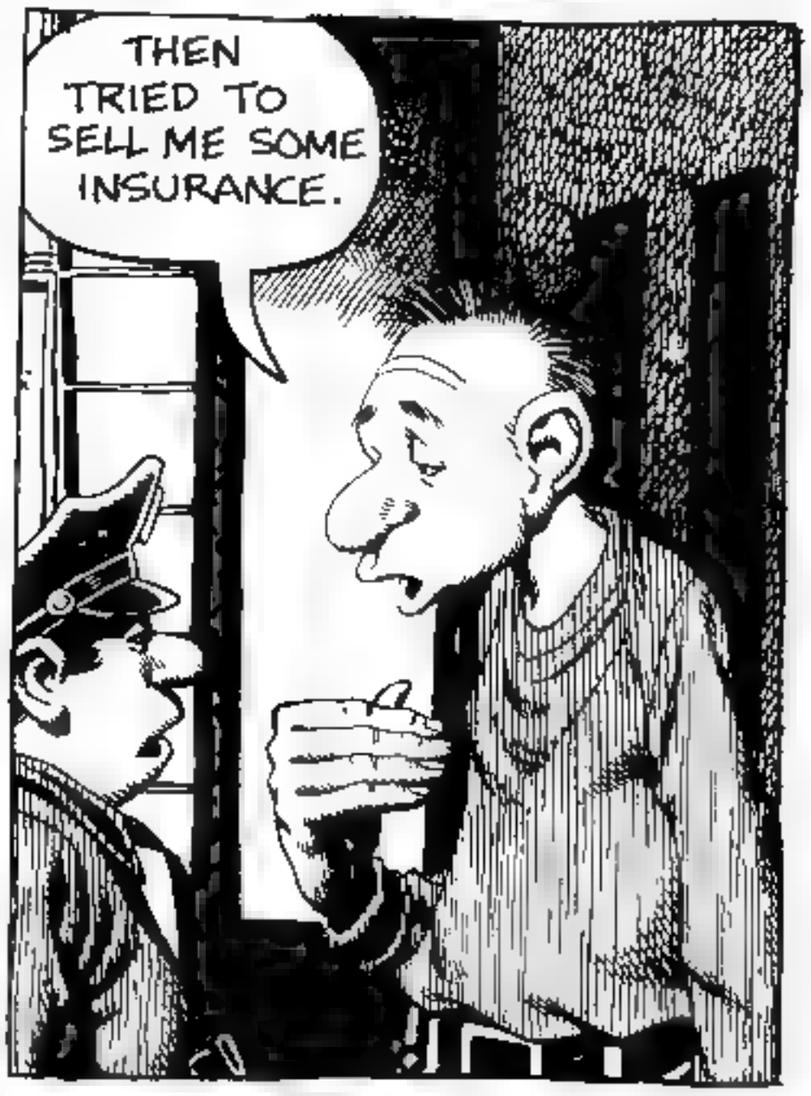
IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, BARF SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR A CLUE TO THE FATE OF MAYNARD QWAMB...

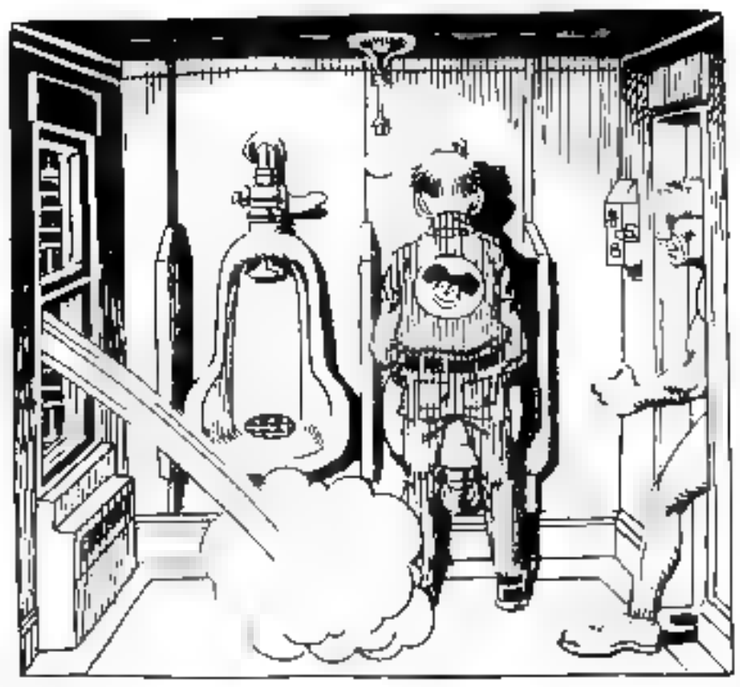
...HE LOOKED HIGH AND LOW.

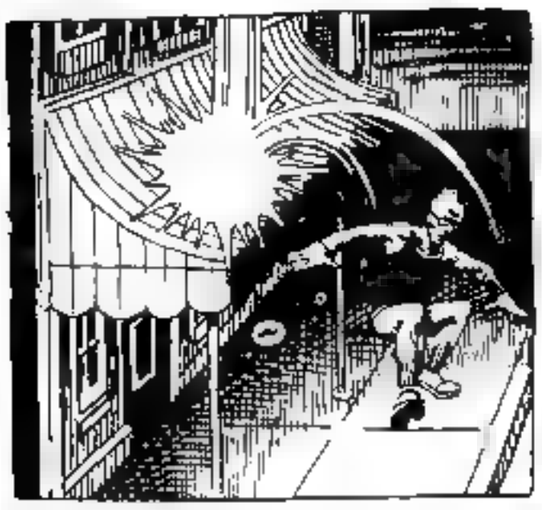


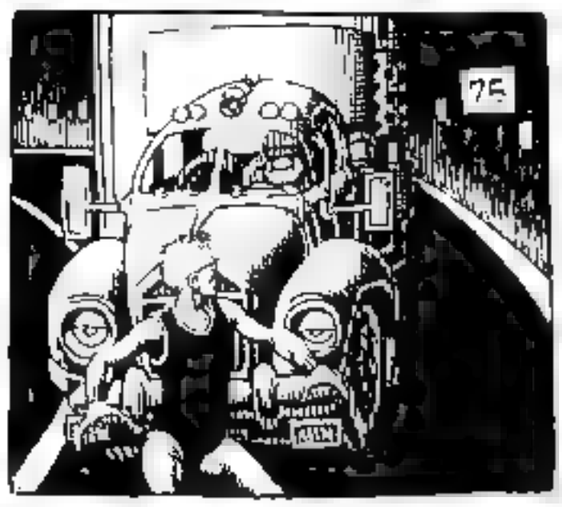
HIS HAIR FELL OUT AND HIS EYES GOT BLOODSHOT...

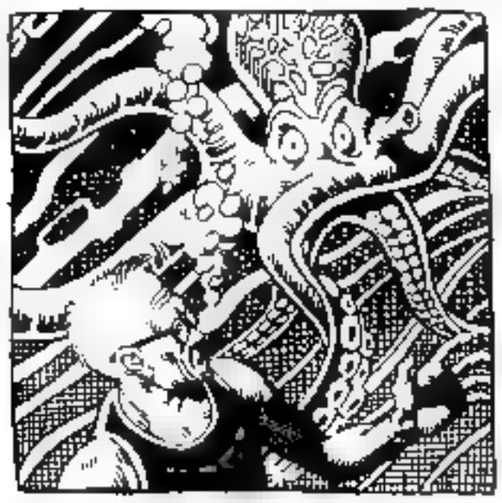
HE BECAME A MASKED AVENGER WHO DEVOTED HIS ENERGIES TO A RELENTLESS PERSONAL CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME AND INJUSTICE AND THE FORCES OF EVIL. BUT DESPITE THE NOBILITY OF HIS ENDEAVORS, HE NEVER REVEALED HIS TRUE IDENTITY, FOR HIS EMPLOYERS, THOSE FRIENDLY FOLKS OF THE ETERNAL INSURANCE COMPANY, HAD A STRICT RULE AGAINST MOONLIGHTING.

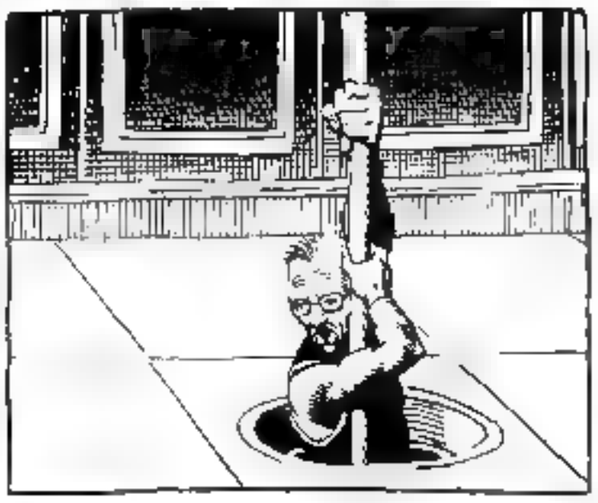












POP!

AND NOW HEEEEER'S JOHNNY!

DON'T BE GIVING ME THAT LOOK, ALICE...YOU KNOW I'M NOT A WELL MAN...
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

WHAT LOOK IS THAT, WINSTON? WHAT LOOK WOULD I BE GIVING YOU?
DON'T PRETEND, ALICE! I KNOW A LOOK WHEN I SEE ONE! YOU'RE GIVING ME A LOOK AND YOU KNOW IT!
IT SURE WAS HOT HERE IN NEW YORK TODAY WASN'T IT ED?

ANY MINUTE NOW... SHE CAN'T HOLD OFF MUCH LONGER, SHE'S REALLY GOING TO LET ME HAVE IT... JUST...
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA

... ANY MINUTE NOW...
SAY, ED.... I NOTICE YOU'VE GOT A PIMPLE ON YOUR NOSE....
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA

HA HA! (SNORT) HERE'S OUR FIRST GUEST, A SWEET LITTLE PIECE OF ASS. HER NAME IS..
MAYBE I'M JUST BEING PARANOID...
MY FAMOUS BEAUTY &
SECRE
BY
MOMS
MABLE

WINSTON...
YES, DEAR...
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
LSD BABY BORN WITH NO BRAIN

I'M HAVING YOU PUT AWAY.
HI, JOHNNY! THIS IS MY BEA-VER! I TAKE MY BEAVER EVERY-WHERE' DO YOU LIKE MY BEAVER?
WHO

A GROWN MAN WEARING UNDERWEAR IN PUBLIC! A MIDDLE-AGED HIPPIE FREAK! YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE INSURANCE BUSINESS!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I CAN'T REST UNTIL I KNOW WHY HE DID IT!

FOR OUR NEXT GUEST THIS EVENING, WE PRESENT MR. ELMWOOD GRINGE, A SURVIVOR OF THE DISASTROUS DETROIT FLOOD AND A PER-

HUSH! DID YOU HEAR IT! THAT VILLAIN QUAMB! IT'S WHAT I'VE PRAYED FOR!

SONAL ACQUAINTANCE OF THE INFAMOU MAYNARD QUAMB OF THE VIRGINA QUAMBS.

I WAS SPOTTING THE HIGH GROUND THAT DAY..

DID YOU KNOW, JOHNNY, THAT I ONCE KISSED 300 MEN IN ONE DAY IN THE ORGY SCENE OF MY LATEST PICTURE, "THE VIRGIN MARY"

MEETS THE HORNY ARABS" AND I PUT ROUGE ON MY NIPPLES IN THE SCENE WHERE THEY BURY..

THE FLOOD CARRIED ME...

YES, I KNEW THE "BLIP"; I WORKED WITH THE "BLIP". HE WAS A KILLER, ALRIGHT —A REAL KILLER!

...WHERE A TRIBE OF CAREFREE GYPSYS PULLED ME OUT OF THE STREAM AND BREATHED LIFE BACK INTO MY BRUISED, BATTERED BODY,

YANKEE TOURIST!

AND TRUNDLED ME, WEAK AND DELIRIOUS IN THE THROES OF A RARE MALARIAN FEVER, ON A DESOLATE TREK ACROSS THE DESERT TO GAMBINI, THE OUTPOST AT THE EDGE OF THE ESCARPMENT, AND FROM THERE TO THE CAPITOL BY...

I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE.

IT'S TRUE! EVERY WORD IS THE TRUTH! I LIVED IT AND ESCAPED DEATH TO TELL MY STORY

BARF SPEEDS TO HIS FATEFUL RENDEVOUS IN A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST SERMANETTE!

AS THE SHOW ENDS...

MR. GRINGE? MY NAME IS BARF. WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN A $20,000 LIFE INSURANCE POLICY, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE

NOT IN THE LEAST.

I'VE GOT TO KNOW EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT QWAMB! **EVERY**THING, DO YOU HEAR!

.T'LL BE OUT IN PAPERBACK SOON, FELLA, YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUFFLE ME!

I DON'T BUY IT, ELMWOOD! THE WHOLE PLOT SMELLS FISHY!

SO I PADDED A BIT! WHO SUFFERS IF I MAKE A BUCK?

I'M GONNA HOLD MY FINGER IN YOUR EYE UNTIL YOU TELL ME THE TRUTH!

OUCH! OUCH! I'M BEING EYE-GOUGED!

MY GOD! HE'S EYE-GOUGING POOR MR GRINGE, THE DETROIT SURVIVOR!

HE'S A LIAR, OLD GRINGE! I GOT THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM!

WHAT A MANIAC! HE ASSAULTED ME WHEN I RE-FUSED TO BUY HIS DAMN INSURANCE!

ALICE! **YOU** BELIEVE ME! HE'S A LIAR AND A CHEAPSKATE! HE'S NEVER EVEN **BEEN** TO DETROIT!

BETTER I SHOULD BE A WIDOW (SOB) I'VE GOT A LUNATIC IN UNDERWEAR FOR A HUSBAND!

THE DREAM HAS ONLY BEEN FIRED WITH NEW FERVOR! NOT EVEN THE THICK WALLS BETWEEN BARF AND FREEDOM DISMAY HIM, FOR HE'S UNEARTHED A CLUE TO HIS QUARRY!

DOES THE TRAIL END HERE?!

©1971 NICOLA CUTI AND WILLIAM STILLWELL

FOXTALE

STORY: NICOLA CUTI ART: WILLIAM STILLWELL

IN THE FORESTS OF LIN-YU, A PLAYFUL YOUNG FEMALE FOX SWATS A MILKWEED PLANT, SCATTERING FEATHERY PARACHUTES IN A LIGHT BREEZE...

THIS IS NO ORDINARY FOXLET. IN REALITY, THE FROLICSOME CANINE IS PRINCESS FLA-MING YUNG HER TO THE THRONE OF LIN-YU AND QUEEN OF A CLAN OF WEREFOXES...

IT'S SPRING, AND THE AIR IS SATURATED WITH THE CRISP FRAGRANCE OF LOVE. BUT OUR PRINCESS HAS MADE AN UNFORTUNATE CHOICE FOR A SUITOR...

TORCHI LE FOXX, BON VIVANT AND WORLD TRAVELER, BETTER KNOWN AS 'LOVE EM AND FURRGET EM'-TORCH A GENUINE FOX, IS NOT TURNED ON BY ORIENTAL GIRLS...

THEY'RE MAGNIFICENT WHEN THEY'RE YOUNG BUT ONCE THEY GET OLD THEY FALL APART.

Stillwell

E... THE ... FOREST ... MUCH SHE LOVES SO MUCH ARE UNABLE TO CONSOLE ...

PLEASED. I WILL BLESS AND MAKE YOUR DESIRE SERVANT. WHEN I'M BLESS YOU WHATEVER YOU WISH FOR YOU WILL CRY STOP WEEPING.

FEAR NOT DEAR ... THE GRIM REAPER ... IN THE GUISE OF SAMM SAMURA COMES TO ... AID.

MANY TRAVELS I HAVE REAPED A FORTUNE IN GOLD AND PRECIOUS METALS. YOU MAY HAVE IT ALL FOR A SMILE.

GENTLE MASTER I HAVE NEVER HELPED ... I ASK ONLY ONE SMALL FAVOR ... ASK ... FOR A

FOR YOUR HAIR.

© 1932, JUDGE MAGAZINE

HOLDING THE BAG

A Projected Monument to the Great American Public

who, me?!....
i was only following orders

PASSING THE BUCK

Typical Moron's Attempt to get out of Holding The Bag

THE CITY IN THE SEA
by Edgar Allan Poe

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and
the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.

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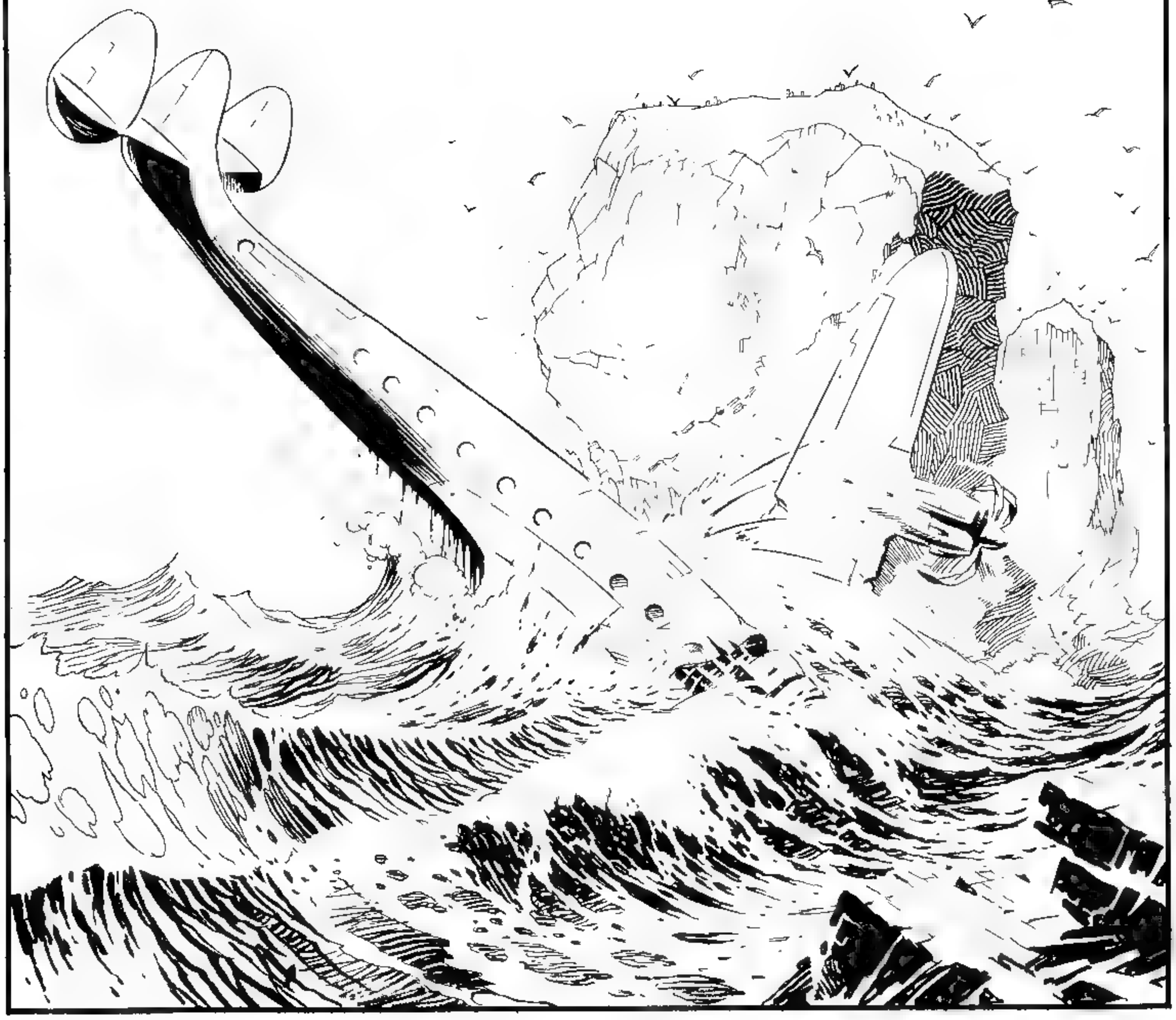
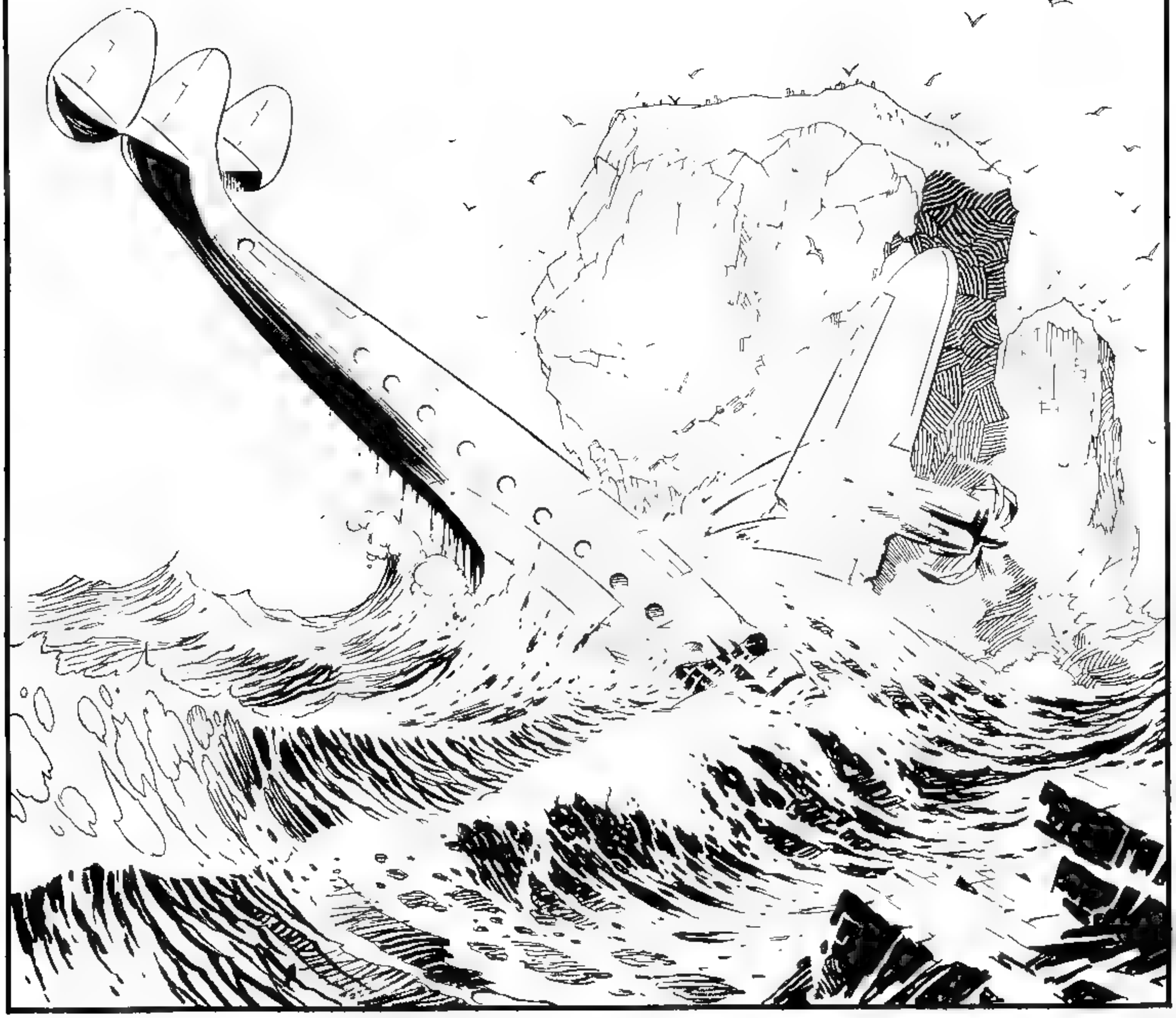


There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—



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Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—

Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

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Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
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That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

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But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave–there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

art by Frank Frazetta
lettering by Gail Smith

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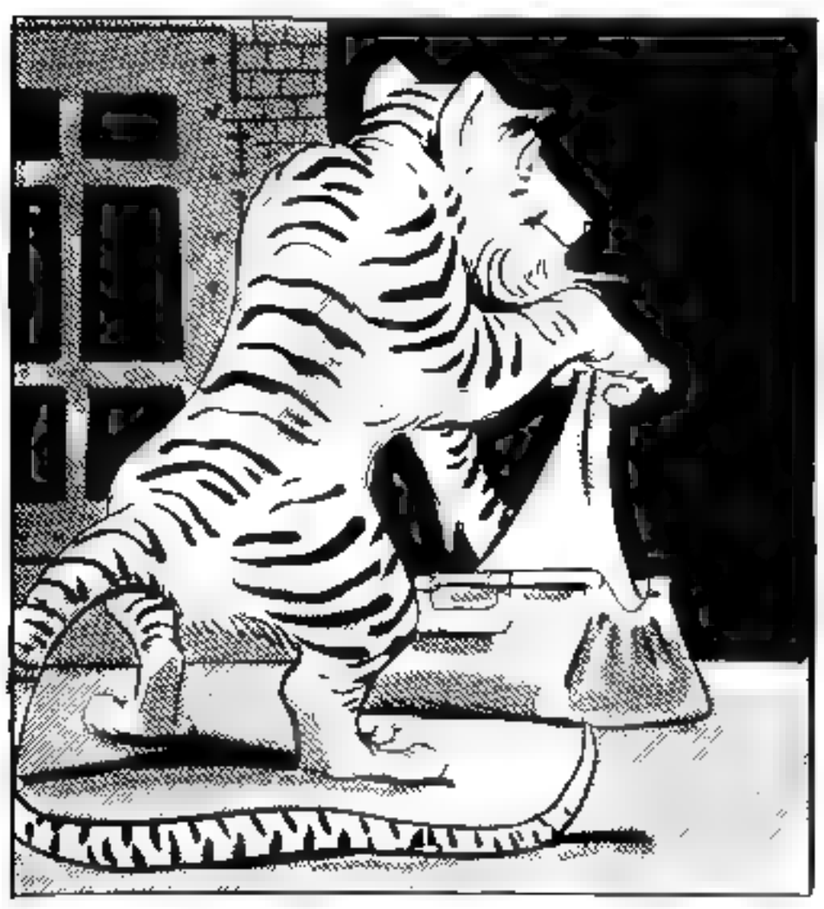
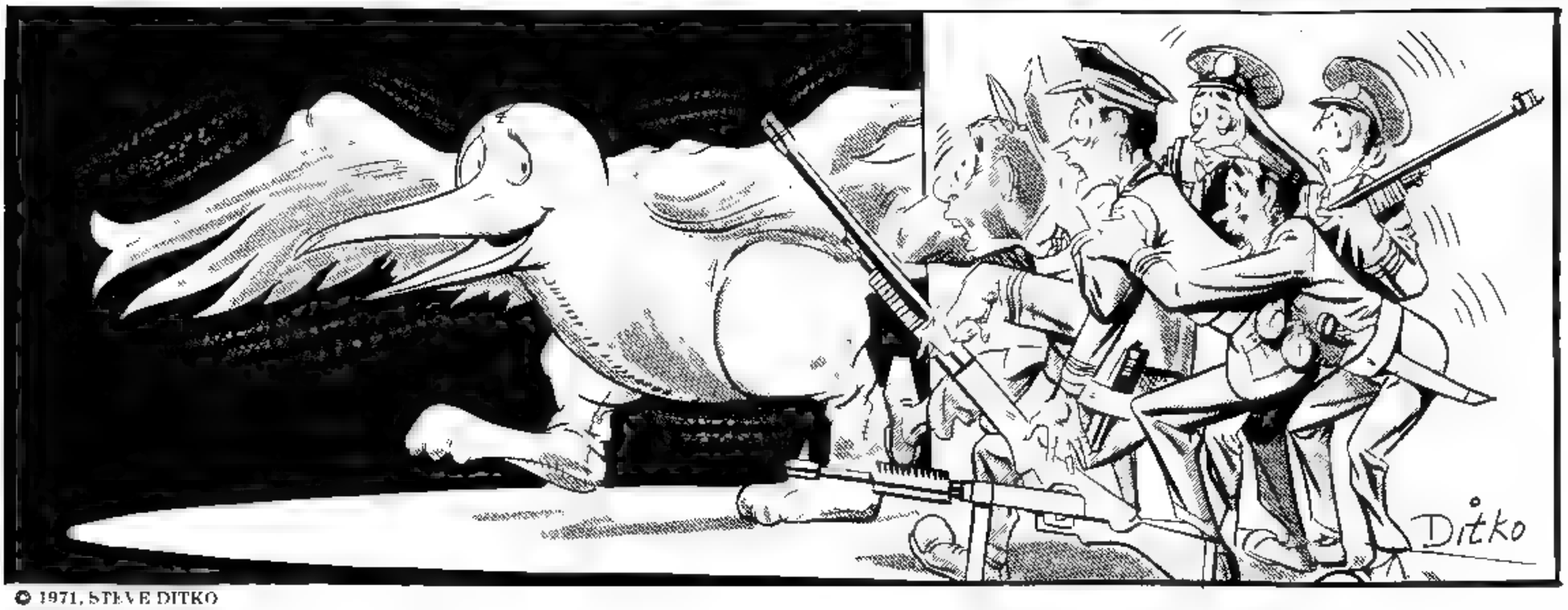
THE BREAK-OUT!!





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fragments from lewis carroll's

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK

as an augury of some distant future

"JUST THE PLACE FOR A SNARK/" THE BELLMAN CRIED,
AS HE LANDED HIS CREW WITH CARE,
SUPPORTING EACH MAN ON THE TOP OF THE TIDE
BY A FINGER ENTWINED IN HIS HAIR

by john adkins richardson

© J.A.Richardson, 1971

"JUST THE PLACE FOR A SNARK/ I HAVE SAID IT TWICE
THAT ALONE SHOULD ENCOURAGE THE CREW
JUST THE PLACE FOR A SNARK/ I HAVE SAID IT THRICE:
WHAT I TELL YOU THREE TIMES IS TRUE"

THE CREW WAS COMPLETE IT INCLUDED A BOOTS —
A MAKER OF BONNETS AND HOODS —
A BARRISTER, BROUGHT TO ARRANGE THEIR DISPUTES—
AND A BROKER, TO VALUE THEIR GOODS

A BILLIARD-MARKER, WHOSE SKILL WAS IMMENSE, MIGHT PERHAPS HAVE WON MORE THAN HIS SHARE—
BUT A BANKER, ENGAGED AT ENORMOUS EXPENSE, HAD THE WHOLE OF THEIR CASH IN HIS CARE

THERE WAS ALSO A BEAVER, THAT PACED ON THE DECK, OR WOULD SIT MAKING LACE IN THE BOW
AND HAD OFTEN (THE BELLMAN SAID) SAVED THEM FROM WRECK THOUGH NONE OF THE SAILORS KNEW HOW.

THERE WAS ONE WHO WAS FAMED FOR THE NUMBER OF THINGS HE FORGOT WHEN HE ENTERED THE SHIP.
HIS UMBRELLA, HIS WATCH, ALL HIS JEWELS AND RINGS, AND THE CLOTHES HE HAD BOUGHT FOR THE TRIP.

THE LAST OF THE CREW NEEDS ESPECIAL REMARK,
THOUGH HE LOOKED AN INCREDIBLE DUNCE
HE HAD JUST ONE IDEA— BUT, THAT ONE BEING "SNARK,"
THE GOOD BELLMAN ENGAGED HIM AT ONCE

HE CAME AS A BUTCHER BUT GRAVELY DECLARED,
WHEN THE SHIP HAD BEEN SAILING A WEEK,
HE COULD ONLY KILL BEAVERS.

THE BELLMAN LOOKED SCARED,

AND WAS ALMOST TOO FRIGHTENED TO SPEAK.

BUT AT LENGTH HE EXPLAINED, IN A TREMULOUS TONE,
THERE WAS ONLY ONE BEAVER ON BOARD;
AND THAT WAS A TAME ONE HE HAD OF HIS OWN,
WHOSE DEATH WOULD BE DEEPLY DEPLORED

THE BEAVER'S BEST COURSE WAS, NO DOUBT, TO PROCURE A SECOND-HAND DAGGER-PROOF COAT—
SO THE BAKER ADVISED IT —AND NEXT, TO INSURE ITS LIFE IN SOME OFFICE OF NOTE

YET STILL, EVER AFTER THAT SORROWFUL DAY,
WHENEVER THE BUTCHER WAS BY,
THE BEAVER KEPT LOOKING THE OPPOSITE WAY,
AND APPEARED UNACCOUNTABLY SHY

THE BELLMAN HIMSELF THEY ALL PRAISED TO THE SKIES — SUCH A CARRIAGE, SUCH EASE AND SUCH GRACE!
SUCH SOLEMNITY, TOO! ONE COULD SEE HE WAS WISE, THE MOMENT ONE LOOKED IN HIS FACE!

BUT THE DANGER WAS PAST
THEY HAD LANDED
AT LAST,
WITH THEIR BOXES,
PORTMANTEAUS,
AND BAGS

YET AT FIRST SIGHT THE CREW WERE NOT PLEASED WITH THE VIEW
WHICH CONSISTED OF CHASMS AND CRAGS

THERE WAS SILENCE SUPREME! NOT A SHRIEK, NOT A SCREAM,
SCARCELY EVEN A HOWL OR GROAN,
AS THE MAN THEY CALLED "HO!" TOLD HIS STORY OF WOE
IN AN ANTEDILUVEAN TONE.
"A DEAR UNCLE OF MINE (AFTER WHOM I WAS NAMED)
REMARKED, WHEN I BADE HIM FAREWELL——"

"OH, SKIP YOUR DEAR UNCLE!"
THE BELLMAN EXCLAIMED,
AS HE ANGRILY TINGED
HIS BELL.

"BUT OH, BEAMISH NEPHEW, BEWARE OF THE DAY,
IF YOUR SNARK BE A BOOJUM! FOR THEN
YOU WILL SOFTLY AND SUDDENLY VANISH AWAY,
AND NEVER BE MET WITH AGAIN!"

THEY SOUGHT IT WITH THIMBLES, THEY SOUGHT IT WITH CARE;
THEY PURSUED IT WITH FORKS AND HOPE,
THEY THREATENED ITS LIFE WITH A RAILWAY-SHARE;
THEY CHARMED IT WITH SMILES AND SOAP.

THEN THE BUTCHER CONCEIVED AN INGENIOUS PLAN
FOR MAKING A SEPARATE SALLY; AND HAD FIXED
ON A SPOT UNFREQUENTED BY MAN, A
DISMAL AND DESOLATE VALLEY.

BUT THE VERY SAME PLAN TO THE BEAVER OCCURRED: IT HAD CHOSEN THE VERY SAME PLACE.
YET NEITHER BETRAYED, BY A SIGN OR A WORD, THE DISGUST THAT APPEARED IN HIS FACE.
EACH THOUGHT HE WAS THINKING OF NOTHING BUT "SNARK" AND THE GLORIOUS WORK OF THE DAY;
AND EACH TRIED TO PRETEND THAT HE DID NOT REMARK THAT THE OTHER WAS GOING THAT WAY.

BUT THE VALLEY GREW NARROWER AND NARROWER STILL,
AND THE EVENING GOT DARKER AND COLDER,
TILL (MERELY FROM NERVOUSNESS, NOT FROM GOOD WILL)
THEY MARCHED ALONG SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

THEN A SCREAM, SHRILL AND HIGH,
RENT THE SHUDDERING SKY
AND THEY KNEW THAT SOME DANGER
WAS NEAR:
THE BEAVER TURNED PALE TO THE
TIP OF ITS TAIL,
AND EVEN THE BUTCHER FELT
QUEER

"TIS THE VOICE OF THE JUBJUB!"
HE SUDDENLY CRIED.

THE BUTCHER WOULD GLADLY HAVE TALKED TILL NEXT DAY,
BUT HE FELT THAT THE LESSON MUST END,
AND HE WEPT WITH DELIGHT IN ATTEMPTING TO SAY
HE CONSIDERED THE BEAVER HIS FRIEND,
WHILE

THE BEAVER CONFESSED, WITH AFFECTIONATE LOOKS
MORE ELOQUENT EVEN THAN TEARS,
IT HAD LEARNED IN TEN MINUTES FAR MORE THAN ALL BOOKS
WOULD HAVE TAUGHT IN SEVENTY YEARS

. THE BANKER, INSPIRED WITH A COURAGE SO NEW
IT WAS A MATTER FOR GENERAL REMARK,
RUSHED MADLY AHEAD AND WAS LOST TO THEIR V EW
IN H S ZEAL TO DISCOVER THE SNARK

BUT WHILE HE WAS SEEKING WITH THIMBLES AND CARE,
A BANDERSNATCH QUICKLY DREW NIGH

·AND GRABBED AT THE BANKER, WHO SHRIEKED IN DESPAIR,
FOR HE KNEW IT WAS USELESS TO FLY

THE BANDERSNATCH FLED AS THE OTHERS APPEARED, LED ON BY THAT FEAR-STRICKEN YELL.

AND THE BELLMAN REMARKED "IT IS JUST AS I FEARED!"
AND SOLEMNLY TOLLED ON HIS BELL
"LEAVE HIM HERE TO HIS FATE—IT IS GETTING SO LATE!"
THE BELLMAN EXCLAIMED IN A FRIGHT
"WE HAVE LOST HALF THE DAY ANY FURTHER DELAY,
AND WE SHA'N'T CATCH A SNARK BEFORE NIGHT!"

THEY GAZED N DEL.GHT, WHILE THE BUTCHER EXCLAIMED
"HE WAS ALWAYS A DESPERATE WAG!"

THEY BEHELD HIM—THEIR BAKER—THEIR HERO UNNAMED—
ON THE TOP OF A NEIGHBORING CRAG.

ERECT AND SUBLIME, FOR ONE MOMENT OF TIME,
IN THE NEXT, THAT WILD FIGURE THEY SAW
(AS IF STUNG BY A SPASM) PLUNGE INTO A CHASM,
WHILE THEY WAITED AND LISTENED IN AWE.

"IT'S A SNARK!" WAS THE SOUND WHICH FIRST CAME THEIR EARS,
AND SEEMED ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

THEN FOLLOWED A TORRENT OF LAUGHTER AND CHEERS:

THEN THE OMINOUS WORDS "IT'S A BOO——".....THEN SILENCE.

SOME FANCIED THEY HEARD IN THE AIR A WEARY AND WANDERING SIGH
THAT SOUNDED LIKE "——JUM!" BUT THE OTHERS DECLARE IT WAS ONLY
A BREEZE THAT WENT BY.

THEY HUNTED TILL DARKNESS CAME ON, BUT THEY FOUND
NOT A BUTTON, OR FEATHER, OR MARK,
BY WHICH THEY COULD TELL THAT THEY STOOD ON THE GROUND
WHERE THE BAKER HAD MET WITH THE SNARK.

IN THE MIDST OF THE WORD HE WAS TRYING TO SAY,
IN THE MIDST OF HIS LAUGHTER AND GLEE,
HE HAD SOFTLY AND SUDDENLY VANISHED AWAY——

FOR THE SNARK *WAS* A BOOJUM, YOU SEE.

A GLOSSARY
of terms and usages:

BAKER—(Slang, 21st Cent.) *OPERATOR OF A COSMIC FURNACE, SUCH AS THAT POWERING THE BELL.*

BANDERSNATCH—*A FRIGHTFUL HYBRID.*

BANKER—*A MACHINE USED FOR NEGOTIATING STEEP GRADES OR UNEVEN TERRAIN.*

BARRISTER—*A COUNSELOR—HENCE, SLANG FOR AN M.A.P.C. (Mobile All-Purpose Computer)*

BEAVER—*CANADIAN INDIAN TRIBE. ALSO (Vulgar) SLANG FOR FEMININE PUBES.*

BELL—*INTERSTELLAR SPACESHIP DRIVEN BY COSMIC ENERGY. (So called because of its shape, which resembles a gong or cymbal.)*

BELLMAN—*COMMANDER OF A BELL. ALSO, ONE WHO ASSISTS DIVERS BY HANDLING LIFELINES.*

BILLIARD-MARKER—*OBSERVER OF SPHERES AND COLLISIONS; HENCE, A SPACE SCAVENGER.*

BONNET—*BRITISH VERNACULAR FOR AMERICAN "HOOD," AS APPLIED TO ENGINE COVERS.*

BOOJUM—*THE DEMATERIALIZED REPLICA OF A SNARK, I.E., A SNARK'S GHOST.*

BOOTS—*WHAT ELSE? A MAKER OF BONNETS....*

BROKER—*AGENT.*

FINGER—*AN EXTENSION.*

HO—*SHORT FOR "HOLMIUM," A TRIVALENT HAVING UNUSUAL MAGNETIC PROPERTIES AND A PRINCIPAL ELEMENT IN THE COSMIC DRIVE.*

JUBJUB—*A BIG, HAIRY BIRD OF PREY.*

RAILWAY SHARE—*A WEAPON CARRIED BY BANKERS, CONSISTING OF ROCKET-DRIVEN BLADES (the share) AND A TRACK (the railway) FOR LAUNCHING THEM.*

SALLY—*THE BEAVER'S FIRST NAME.*

SNARK—*AN UNDEFINED TERM...*

THIMBLE—*A SMALL RECONNAISSANCE CRAFT.*

Is this the last witzend?

No. Beginning with the next issue, WITZEND will continue on an issue to issue basis, offering one-shots on a variety of subjects. Like everything else in this uncertain world, we exist on a delicate web of reality, so please bear with us. Despite our belabored criticisms of your "Where-is-it" letters, etc., we thank you for your patience and encouragement, and hope we can continue to interest you in the future. Support free enterprise, gang. Send us your money.

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